INSIDE: JERICO'S BACK! • LET THE UNDERHIVE BURN!

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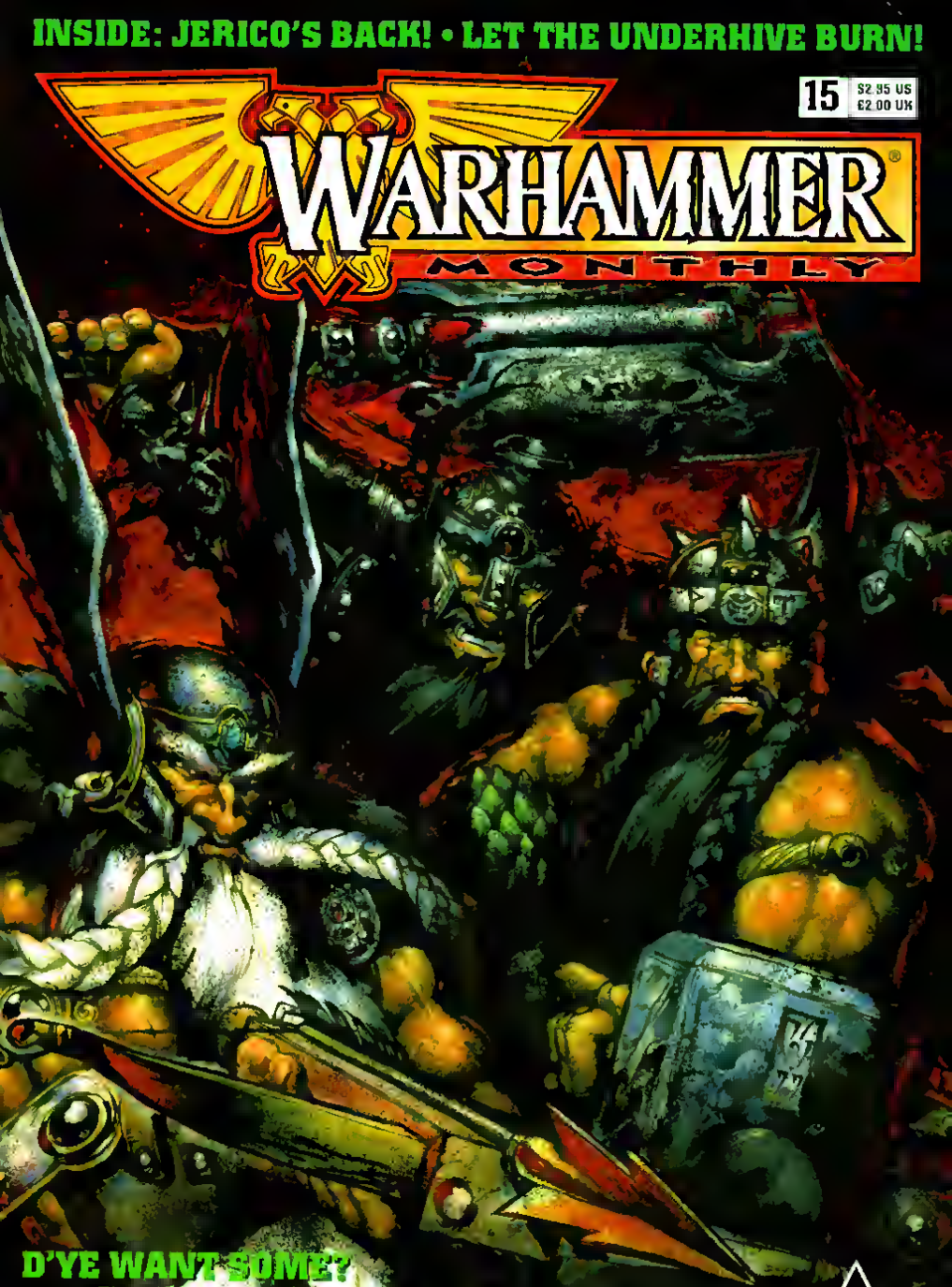
WARHAMMER® MONTHLY



D'YE WANT SOME?

DWARFLORDS

plus KAL JERICO • DARKBLADE • INQUISITOR

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

WHAT A MAJESTIC PIECE OF WORK! Surely this bolter *is* the finest weapon in the galaxy, perfectly crafted by the artisans of the Adeptus Mechanicus. I oil and clean it every day with care and devotion. It is emblazoned with a double-headed eagle, to bring me luck in battle. Every shell is dedicated to the vanquishing of humanity's foes, thrice-blessed with unguents and incense before the image of the Emperor himself. Oh, I do love my bolter. Nice bolter, beautiful bolter.

HAH! WHAT IS THIS? *That's not a real weapon! Whot you need is a Daemon sword. Thot thing doesn't even hove ony spikes! A reol weopon would be adorned with skulls and blades, forged by the hands of Daemons, encrusted with ancient runes pointed in the blood of its victims, dedicoted to the God of Slaughter, Khorne. That thing isn't a weapon, it's a child's toy...*

AH! BUT WHAT you don't know Gutspew, is that this is not just another bolter. It has a secret. It's a special weapon.

IS IT NOW? *Tell me more, Bone-blade. Whot makes it so special?*

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM!

Ha! It's good for shooting heretics!

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM! BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM!

Next month: Darkblade meets his match.

Inside this comic...

DARKBLADE
Malus Darkblade braves the icy depths of the Chaos Wastes to capture the Orb of Malkin.

POCKETS
In a world where magic can be made to serve the darkest of ends, a thief must be careful whose pockets he is picking.

DWARFLORDS
Home at last, but not for long! Karak Kadrin is already besieged by the armies of Chaos – and inside the fortress King Ungrim Ironfist and his warriors are hatching a desperate plan!

KAL JERICO
Kal has to rescue poor old Scabbs – this time from the over-zealous Redemptionist, Cardinal Crimson!

INQUISITOR
Inquisitor Defay continues to suspect the noble families of Nicodemus, but has his merciless questioning gone too far this time?

GAMES WORKSHOP

A BLACK LIBRARY PUBLICATION

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SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

• LETTER OF THE MONTH •

Oy! Yoo Chaos lap dogs, scum bag, grot-featured, worm 'ousel I iz real fed up of not seein even wun Gorkamorka storee! In fact, dis letter iz to all yoo stoopid 'umies out dere 'oo fiak ya run da place. Mork is my judge, yoo really... GLUURG! Oh, so yoov'e sent sum assassinz to get rid ov me eh? We'll soon see to dat! (POW! SOCK! KAPOW!)

Dat's dat, now back to da letta. Don't tell me matez you saw me grovel. Pleeeeze. Pleeze, pleeze put a Gorkamorka storee inta your comik. Make it about Morkaz or I'll be der wiv me choppa to...

Well, gotta go, got squigz to eat and grots to mug, ya not
— 'Blakk' Matt, 'astings

Congratulations, Mr 'Blekk' of Hastings. By the Emperor, I declare you to be the first winner of that most noble honour, Letter of the Month! You'll be receiving a fine Black Library t-shirt, emblazoned with the glow in the dark motto, 'Let tha Galaxy Burn'. Even if you *are* Green-skinned alien scum...

• I've been reading WHM (may I abbreviate?) since issue 1 and absolutely LOVE it!! (especially Kal Jerico). Daemonifuge was breathtaking and Inquisitor looks very promising, but what I'd really love to see are more strips with the Undead in (and Dragons), and definitely more of the oh-so-cool Kal Jericol An ongoing series perhaps? Or a graphic novel of collected strips? Or posters? Or – Argh, I'm obsessed! HELP!
— Isobelle Davis, Merseyside
P.S. Has anybody pointed out to Gutspew that he has a nasty scratch on his head? Maybe he should get Baneblade to take a look at it (he he!).

I'd sooner chop his head off than look it! As for that rogue Kal Jerico, he will be appearing soon in a 4 part mini-series called the Motherlode.

• Baneblade! Gutspew! Me and my brother have devoured all issues of your Warhammer Monthly magazine, it's nearly blessed, just nearly. Instead of spending your eternity ripping each others heads clean of your shoulders you could use the time to tell us you personal stories.

Baneblade: to which chapter do you belong, and how did you become trapped with this Chaos Warrior?

Gutspew, who banished you into the oblivion of the Warp? You seem to have some problems with Imperial servants, first Baneblade, then Imperius Dictatio, and then the blessed order of the Ecclesiarchy (especially Ephrael Stern), so then why do you claim power to your petty gods? How did you come to such masters?

We would also like to know if there will be a comic about Gorkamorka, especially a Rebel Grot story would be appreciated. Even better if Kev Hopgood or Kev Walker could do these strips for us.
— Polf Moconu (Wierdboy) , Stefan Mocanu (Rebel Snat), Germony

Rebel Grots?! What manner of creatures are these? They sound suspiciously Orkoid!

++ Comm-Secure ++
++ Incoming Report: Priority Primus. Ident-Code Eradicus ++
Inquisitor, Marine, Commissar, Canoness, all servants of our beloved Emperor, what follows is but my humble observations. I hope that they will serve only to further the cause of the Imperium.

It is my humble opinion that Sister Stern should be immortalised as an example to the Imperium. She has embodied purity and dedication in the face of daemonic forces.

I further wish to reveal what I have found in the tome of Ten. My favourite account in this tome was the further account of Daemonifuge. While all testaments held within were of the highest order, the graphic display of Shadowfast was less than compelling.
—Vicconus Flavius. Inquisitor. Ordo Malleus

Thank you for your wise words, Inquisitor Flavius. Indeed Sister Stern shall be immortalised, but all in good time. First you shall witness Captain Leonatos and then Melus Darkblade. After that, well, we shall see...

• Here is just a short letter to give you my recommendation for the limited edition miniatures. I think Ephrael Stern and Inquisitor Hand would make a great set. Other than that I'd like to congratulate you on a good mag, especially Kev Walker, Jim Campbell and Fiona Stephenson for their excellent work on Daemonifuge. I was sad to see it go. Well, nuff said.
— Tristan Powell, fan from Oz
P.S. Any plans to do a Gaunt's Ghosts strip?

• I've been a subscriber from the beginning and this comic has yet to fail me. I particularly enjoyed Daemonifuge, in that you have managed to develop a coherent plot that slowly unfolds, and it looks like Kal Jerico is going in the same direction. I much prefer this kind of slow development to the episodic Dwarflords.

And now for a few suggestions. First and foremost, we need colour. It would also be nice to get painted pages. If you feel really ambitious you could get the Heavy Metal team and have a story where every panel is a diorama of GW miniatures.

Is it me is the Chaos Warrior something of a Chaos Wimp? Inquiskor that I am, I notice a cycle is beginning to appear in the opening dialogues: Gutspew taunts, Baneblade threatens, Gutspew whimpers in jusdfied terror, and a massive beat-down ensues where Gutspew's haart is proven to be truly black by close visual examination when Baneblade rips it out. Heh, Baneblade, that loser is too easy for you! Try something more your speed, like a Daemon!

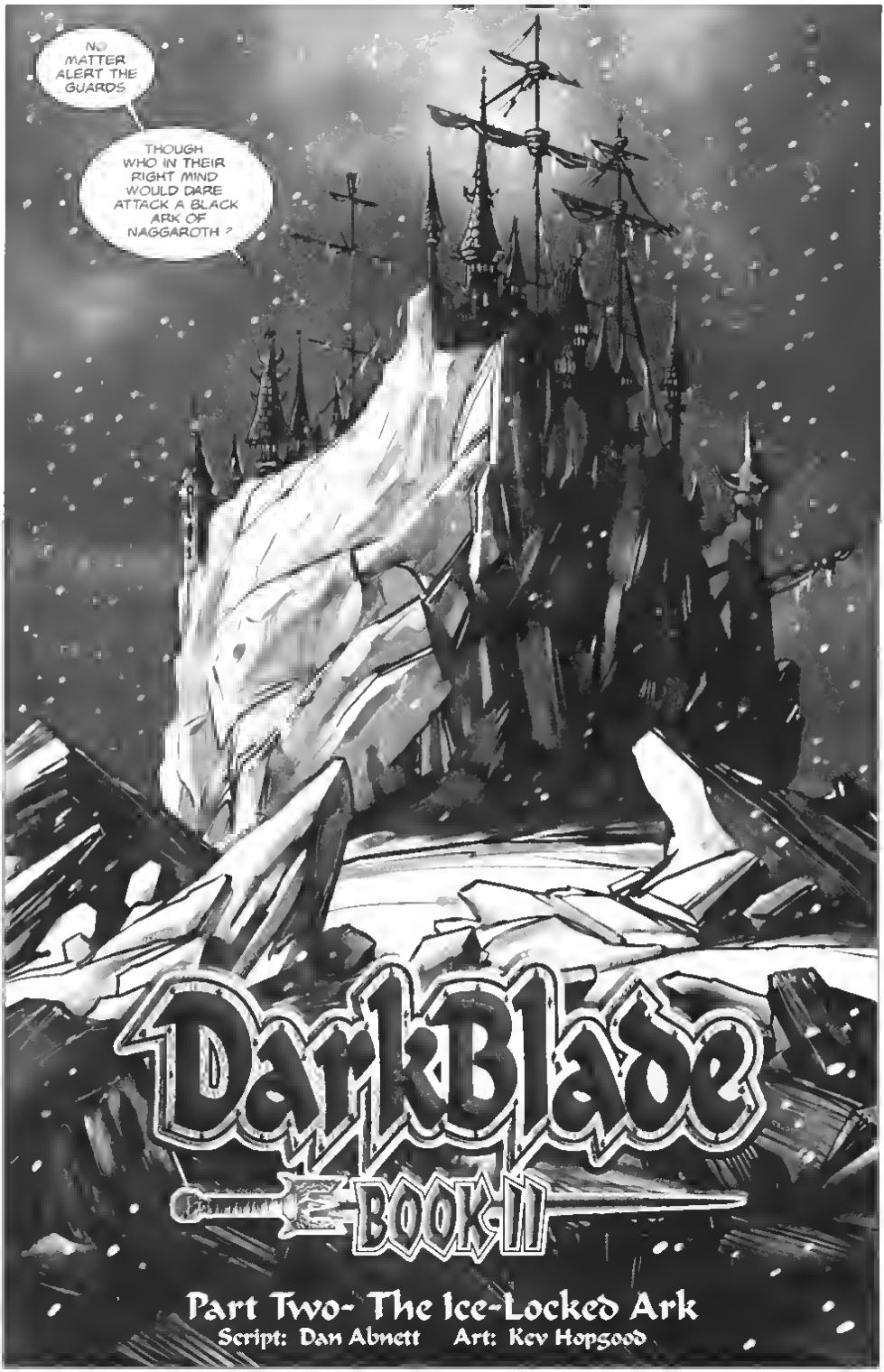
Another thing is that tha forces of Chaos are rampant in every issue and the holy terror known as the Grey Knights are unseen on the field of battle! The chosen of the Emperor have yet to make their presence felt!
— Inquisitor Webster, Morylond, USA

He is indeed a Chaos wimp. Daemons, bah, fodder for my chainsword. Good idea about the Grey Knights.

Send your battle orders to
Warhammer Monthly, The Black Library, Games Workshop Publishing Willow Road, Lenton, NG7 2WS, UK
or email
publishing@games-workshop.co.uk

REMEMBER: the best letter each issue will win a t-shirt!

WELL BELLADON ? WHAT IS SO URGENT YOU SUMMON ME AFTER THE STROKE OF NIGHT-FROST ?
APOLOGIES, WITCH-LORD BUT THE ORB OF MALKIN IS TROUBLED TONIGHT
TROUBLED DON'T SPEAK IN RIDDLES HAG WHAT HAS IT SHOWN YOU ?
SOMETHING COMES WITCH LORD SOMETHING COMES HERE TO THE ARK OF NAGOR
THREAT, A DANGER SOMETHING THAT INTENDS TO TAKE FROM US THAT WHICH WE PRIZE ABOVE ALL
DO YOU SEE US DEFEATED ? ROBBED ?
NO, SIRE
THEN WHAT DO YOU SEE ?
FIRSTLY BLOOD SIRE WOE AND AT LAST A DARK ELF, A WARRIOR OF THE DRUCHII TRIUMPHANT THE PRIZE IN HIS HANDS
THEN PRAY TELL WHAT IS THE THREAT ? THE ORB HAS ALREADY SHOWN. WE WILL BE VICTORIOUS.


NO MATTER ALERT THE GUARDS
THOUGH WHO IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD DARE ATTACK A BLACK ARK OF NAGGAROTH ?
DarkBlade
BOOK II
Part Two- The Ice-Locked Ark
Script: Dan Abnett
Art: Kev Hopgood

HARKEN WELL, FRIEND, AS WE CONTINUE THE SECOND CHRONICLE OF THE OUTCAST MALUS DARKBLADE
DIRE ARE THE TALES OF THE BLACKARK, HOW ITS VAST BULK PLIED THE BOILING SEA AND CARRIED THE CURSE OF NAGGAROTH FAR AND WIDE
UNTIL IT WAS WRECKED HERE ICE-LOCKED FOREVER IN THE CHAOS WASTES
THE WITCH LORDS OF NAGOR DWELL HERE GUARDING THE INFAMOUS ORB OF MALKIN THE VITRIFIED EYE OF AN ANCIENT DAEMON IN WHICH THE FUTURE, IT IS SAID, MAY BE DISCERNED
MALUS DARKBLADE HAS NEED OF SUCH A TOOL, IF HE IS TO SCOUR THE WORLD FOR THE DAEMON TZ'ARKAN AND FIND HIS STOLEN SOUL
...NO MATTER HOW DOOMED THE ATTEMPT!
KKRRRAKKK

KKKKKKKK!!!
AS I EXPECTED
HSSSSSSH!
HSSSHHHH!
WATCH DOGS. THANKS TO THAT ACCURSED ORB THEY MUST KNOW I'M COMING!
SHUKKK!
SSSSSSS

GNNFF !
KRNCH
FSSSHHHGGGG
NICE TRY, STINKING WRETCH.
SLLHOOKK!
BAH ! THIS IS A FOOL'S ERRAND ! I DON'T STAND A PRAYER IF MY APPROACH IS FORETOLD !
KRRRKKKKKK!
WHAT? MORE? BENEATH ME!?
! DON'T THINK SO !
CHUNK!

NIGHT CLOSES, FIERCE AND BITTER, YET DESPITE THE ODDS THE RELENTLESS DARKBLADE PRESSES ON..
TCHOKK!
MMMFF!
CHUKKSHAKKK!

..TELL ME, ORB... TELL ME WHAT IS TO COME...
WHO'S THERE ?
WITCH LORD BALE? IS IT YOU?
YOU SEEM SURPRISED TO SEE ME, HAG
DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T SEE THIS COMING?
WHAT KIND OF CLAIRVOYANT ARE YOU ?
WHAT?
THE INTRUDER SLEW BELLADON, WITCH LORD.. AND TOOK THE ORB.
IT WAS.. A SINGLE DARK ELF.
MAY KHAINE FLAY YOUR PALTRY SOULS IN THE EVERLASTING FIRE ! COMPLACENT FOOLS ! THE VISION TOLD US THIS MUCH !

THE ORB WAS OURS TO PROTECT! IT WAS OUR SACRED DUTY TO THE BLOODY-HANDED GOD! NOW WE ALLOW ONE TRAITOR OF OUR OWN KIND TO TAKE IT?
HERE ME NOW, I WITCH LORD BALNETH BALE OF THE ICE-LOCKED ARK, WILL NOT REST UNTIL THIS SCUM-DRUCHII THIEF HAS BEEN FOUND AND PUNISHED... AND THE ORB RESTORED TO THIS PLACE!
ROUSE THE WITCHGUARD...
WILL HUNT THIS MISCREANT TO THE ENDS OF THE WORLD!

WELL, SPITE..

...FRANKLY I DOUBT THE MERIT OF THIS OBJECT IF IT FAILED TO WARN OF MY APPROACH. STILL, IT MAY BE USEFUL.
...NOW PERHAPS WE WILL SEE WHERE TO GO
RIDE ON!
NEXT- THE ORB OF LIES AND TRUTH.

POCKETS
SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT
ART: KEV HOPGOOD
VAN RYN HAD CUT PURSES IN THE REIKLAND DOCK QUARTER OF OLD MARIENBURG FOR NIGH ON SIX YEARS AND HE'D NEVER KNOWN IT SO QUIET
NOT THAT THE PASSING TRADE WASN'T THERE MIND YOU
THAT WAS PLENTIFUL TILEAN MERCHANTS WITH BADLY CONCEALED PURSES FAT CATTLEMEN BLITHELY ON THEIR WAY TO THE NEXT TAVERN. SAILORS IN TOWN ON PAY DAY.
NO, THE STRANGE THING WAS THERE SEEMED TO BE FEWER AND FEWER THIEVES WORKING THE DISTRICT EACH DAY THERE SEEMED TO BE LESS OF HIS COMPETITORS AROUND
THEN AGAIN, 'ALL THE MORE FOR ME' WAS VAN RYN'S MOTTO
WHEN THE MARK WENT PAST IT TOOK HIS MIND OFF EVERYTHING
TALL EXPENSIVE ROBES, UNCLASPED POCKETS AND A DISTRACTED AIR
PERFECT.
ALMOST TOO PERFECT, TOO EASY...

AS VAN RYN SLIPPED HIS HAND INTO THE MARKS INVITING POCKET, IT SEEMED LIKE ...
FWUUP!
... LIKE SOMETHING TOOK HOLD OF IT ...
WARRRGHH!
IT WAS ONLY WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF INSIDE THE POCKET, VAN RYN REALIZED HIS MARK WAS SOME KIND OF FOUL SORCERER.
AND ONLY THEN WHEN HE STUDIED THE REMAINS IN THE CLOTH AROUND HIM DID HE REALIZE WHERE SO MANY OF HIS COMPETITORS HAD GONE
THE WIZARD HAD A FAMILIAR HE KEPT IT IN HIS POCKET AND IT WAS ALWAYS HUNGRY
A CATTLEMAN IN THE HAMMER OF ULRIC LATER SWORE HE'D SEEN A MAN PASS THROUGH THE MARKET PLACE WITH SCREAMING POCKETS.
AAAA

The Travels of the DWARF LORDS

WORLD'S EDGE MOUNTAINS

MOUNTAINS OF MOURN

ZHARR NAGGRUND

SYLVANIA

PEAK PASS

CHAOS DRAGON'S LAIR

KARAK KADRIN

1

While out hunting in the World's Edge Mountains, Ethgrim and Bowli try to rescue Olif from a Chaos Sorcerer and his minions – only for all three Dwarfs to fall through a magical vortex.

TZEENTCH! MASTER OF CHANGE, SEND ME THE BEAST IN YOUR NAME, I HAVE CREATED A MAGICAL VORTEX TO BRING FORTH THE GREAT DEVOURER!
THEN WE SHALL OFFER THIS REALM UP TO YOU!

2

The vortex deposits them in the lair of a foul, ravening Chaos Dragon.

3

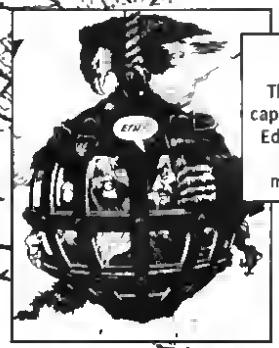
Lost in the Mountains of Mourn, they encounter the Giant, Grum, and rescue a trapped mountain goat from an ancient temple.

4

Captured by Chaos Dwarf Slavers, they are put to work in the dreaded Pits of Zharr Naggrund. Thanks to Ethgrim's concealed dagger, they escape, fleeing on the back of a Bull Centaur!

5

The Dwarflords are captured in the World's Edge Mountains and almost fed to a monstrous spider!



6

The lads reach Peak Pass, to find all its guards dead. They also meet a High Elf on a Griffon, and use the latter to narrowly escape the advancing Chaos Host

7

Driven off-course, our heroes land in Sylvania and confront a mysterious Vampire Lord – before Bowli shoots him!

8

Home at last! Karak Kadrin is already under siege. Before they know it, our heroes have been caught up in King Ungrim Ironfist's daring plan to save the fortress – *as you'll see over the page!*

THE DWARFLORD SPEAKS!

We have a brief chat with Paul Davidson, while you get ready for the last episode of Dwarflords (for now).

Hey, Paul. How old are you then?

28.

So how did you first get into comics?

The opportunity to pollute young minds via comics was presented to yours truly by you kind and clever people at Games Workshop.

So what's the story behind that? How did you come to be working for Warhammer Monthly?

Coincidence or fate? I contacted White Dwarf magazine looking for any sort of illustration work. At that point, I had lost all hope of getting a job in comics, because of the lack of encouragement I was receiving from certain other editors. So, in my covering letter I begged for a break. I closed with 'Have you ever considered publishing a comic based on your games?' Little did I know that was exactly what you guys were planning!

You both write and draw Dwarflords. Which do you prefer doing?

First and foremost, I consider myself an illustrator. I found writing Dwarflords gave me a fantastic opportunity to sequentualize and indulge, i.e. to draw what I wanted!

So you found writing difficult... why not just draw the strip then?

Having a lot of creative control really appeals to me, but it come with more responsibility (and more headaches!). I found I was spending too much time pondering on various story ideas, when I could have been getting on with what I'm most comfortable with, i.e. drawing. As far as the storytelling goes, perhaps Dwarflords suffered because of this. My lack of experience didn't allow me to be spread thin at all. It was a very enjoyable lesson.

Which of the three Dwarflords is most like you?

Well, I'm not as bassy as Eth, and nowhere near as handsome as Olif. So I think it would have to be Bowli. He's always trying to talk his mates out of doing anything dangerous, but, when it comes to the crunch, he's there with wings on.

Why Dwarfs then – you don't look that short or hairy?

I wanted a strip with action and adventure. So I held interviews with hopeful candidates from the Warhammer World. Let's just say, no one came up to scratch. Just when I was about to give up hope these three dodgy Dwarfs showed exhibiting great enthusiasm, bragging, saying they were up for the task. So I signed them on the spot!

Was the story planned, or did you (as rumours suggest) just make it up as you went along?

It was all completely off the cuff. I created obstacles in a moment, just to try and confuse them. I think they handled it quite well.

Getting away from comics, what's your favourite film?

Star Wars, Deer Hunter, Blade Runner, Once Upon a Time in America

What's your favourite food?

Tomato ketchup with anything on the side.

And finally, what's your favourite footwear?

I've got a lovely pair of Moccasins made from Orc hide.

Thank you, Paul. Now we understand.

PHOTO: JOHN MILLARD

KARAK KADRIN, THE SLAYER KEEP. IN THE GREAT HALL, KING UNGRIM IRONFIST ADDRESSES HIS BATTLE WEARY WARRIORS
WHAT REMAINS OF THEM
HEAR ME, CLANSMEN! CHAOS IS AT THE GATES AND WE ARE SORE PRESSED! IF ONLY OUR MIGHTY TROLL SLAYERS HAD NOT DEPARTED FOR THE GRAND CONVENING AT ZHUFBAR! WITHOUT THEM, WE WILL SURELY FALL!
EVEN NOW I FEAR IT IS TOO LATE. BUT WORD MUST BE SENT TO BID THEM RETURN AND SAVE KARAK KADRIN.
DWARF LORDS
7: Slayer Keep
STORY & ART: PAUL DAVIDSON
LETTERS: GORDON ROBSON
WHICH OF YOU WILL VOLUNTEER?
AT LAST! KARAK KADRIN! AFTER ALL OUR WANDERINGS WE'RE HOME!
I CAN ALMOST TASTE THE ALE AND THE DRONGNEL*!
* DWARF STEW.
AND WHAT ABOUT THE HEROES' WELCOME THOSE RINNS* WILL GIVE US, EH, BOWL! LAD?
IT'S GRAND TO BE HOME, ALL RIGHT
* LADY DWARFS.

WELL, THAT JUST ABOUT TAKES THE CHUFF!
LOOKS LIKE THE BATTLE'S STARTED WITHOUT US.
PAH! NOTHING'S GOING TO KEEP ME FROM SLEEPING IN ME OWN BED TONIGHT!
BOOM!
BOOM!!
AARRGH!
BOOM!
LET'S GET ON WITH IT!
AYE. NOWT STANDS BETWEEN A DWARF AND HIS BEER!

THE HORDES OF CHAOS SWARM AROUND THE ANCIENT BULWARKS OF KARAK KADRIN LIKE A FOUL SEA OF VILE CORRUPTION. BUT NOTHING CAN WITHSTAND THE COMBINED ONSLAUGHT OF THREE FOOTSORE, HUNGRY, THIRSTY DWARFS, BY THE NAME OF...
ETHORIM PAINGRINDER!
D'YE WANT SOME?! D'YE WANT SOME?!
OLIF THUMPCRUSH!
CHEW ON THAT, CHAOS SPAWN!
BOWLI GRIEFWING!
FOR KARAK KADRIN! WE'RE COMING HOME! WE'RE COMING HOME!
THE SAVAGE POWER OF CHAOS IS IMMENSE, FOR IT THRIVES UPON ANARCHY, MAYHEM AND VIOLENCE.
BUT SOMETIMES IT GETS A LITTLE MORE THAN IT CAN HANDLE!

MEANWHILE, IN IRONFIST'S GREAT HALL, THE DWARF KING IS HAVING TO DO SOME PERSUADING.
LOOK, I KNOW THERE'S A GOOD SCRAP BREWING AND NO ONE WANTS TO BE THE ONE TO LEAVE!
BUT WE MUST GET WORD TO OUR FELLOWS IN ZHUFBAR!
"THE EIGHT DAY JOURNEY THERE WILL BE FRAUGHT WITH DANGER JUST AS GREAT AS IF YOU STAY!"
FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS DRINK A FLAGON OF BUGMAN'S FINEST! NO, NOT A FLAGON. A BARREL
I JUST WANT A NICE SIT DOWN.
"FOR THE SAKE OF KARAK KADRIN AND ITS GREAT HISTORY! I IMPLORE YOU MAKE YOURSELVES KNOWN TO ME!"
COME ON, OLIF! DO YOU NEED A LEG UP?
WATTOCKS!
HOME AT LAST! WE'VE BEEN AWAY SO LONG.
CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES WHEN WE STRIDE IN, BOLD AS BRASS.
IT'S GRAND TO BE BACK. I'M NOT GOING ON ANY JOURNEYS FOR A VERY LONG TIME.
"BY GRIMNIR, WHO WILL TAKE UP MY CHALLENGE?!"
KING IRONFIST! IT'S US!
HERE WE ARE!

EXCELLENT! I KNEW SOMEONE WOULD VOLUNTEER FOR SUCH A DANGEROUS MISSION
BRING THEM PROVISIONS! THEY MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!
OFF TO CERTAIN DEATH! LUCKY WAZZOCKS!
UM, WHAT WAS THAT, KING IRONFIST?
DID WE MISS A MEETING OR WHAT?
WHAT DID HE MEAN, "VOLUNTEER"?
AT A SECRET PORTAL, TO THE REAR OF THE MOUNTAIN KEEP, OUR THREE DWARFLORDS ARE HURRIED OUT
THANK YOU, MY BRAVE LADS. GET WORD TO ZHUFBAR AND YOUR NAMES WILL BE RECORDED IN THE ANNALS OF OUR PEOPLE FOR ALL TIME. FAREWELL.
ERM, YES. WELL. GOODBYE THEN, KING IRONFIST
GRIMNIR'S AXE, NOT MORE WALKING!
WELL... ZHUFBAR IT IS THEN... I S'POSE
YOU GREAT KRUT!
DON'T BE LIKE THAT. WE WOULD HAVE VOLUNTEERED ANYROAD
WOULDN'T WE? LADS? LADS?
END OF BOOK ONE.

KAL JERICO in "REDEMPTION"

CARDINAL CRIMSON, HIGH HIEROPHANT OF THE REDEMPTIONIST CRUSADE AND SELF PROCLAIMED SCOURGE OF SIN AND HAMMER OF HERESY
DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN, FOLLOWERS OF THE ONE TRUE FAITH UNDERSTAND NOW YOUR DIVINE MISSION AND THE PURPOSE AS WHO IS WITHOUT NAME HAS BESTOWED UPON US
WHERE THERE IS SIN, WE BRING SALVATION, WHERE THERE IS DAMNATION, WE OFFER DELIVERANCE
BUT LONG IS THE ROAD AND HARD IS THE WAY THAT LEADS TO ENLIGHTENMENT AND THERE ARE MANY WHO WOULD STAND AGAINST US
NORMALLY, I'D AVOID THESE FANATICS LIKE AN OUTBREAK OF ZOMBIE PLAGUE IN AN UNDERHIVE BORDELLO-HOLE
I SPEAK NOW OF THE ALIEN AND THE MUTANT THE HERETIC AND THE BLASPHEMER THE OUTLAW AND THE WITCHLING
FOR SUCH DEVIANT SCUM, THERE CAN BE NO MERCY FOR SUCH WRETCHED SINNERS, THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE FIT PUNISHMENT
REDEMPTION!

CAST THEM INTO THE LAKE OF FIRE / ONLY THEN WILL THEY BE PURGED OF THEIR SINS /
NORMALLY, I DON'T WORK FOR FREE EITHER, BUT THIS TIME I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION.

MY SCROFULOUS SIDEKICK **SCABES**, CAPTURED ON ONE OF THEIR REGULAR HERETIC HUNTING SWEEPS THROUGH THE UNDERHIVE

CALL ME SENTIMENTAL, BUT I AM RATHER FOND OF THE REVOLTING LITTLE HALF-BREED RENEGADE
BESIDES, IT'S BEEN FAR TOO LONG SINCE I DID ANYTHING NEARLY AS IDIOTICALLY RECKLESS AS THIS, AND I DO HAVE A REPUTATION TO MAINTAIN.

THE SCREAMS OF BURNING SINNERS ARE A SOLACE TO THE EARS OF THE FAITHFUL, ARE THEY NOT, **BROTHER BELTANE**?
VERILY, IT IS WRITTEN SO, YOUR EMINENCE
TAKE UP YOUR QUILL, BROTHER BELTANE
I FEEL THE BLESSED VISIONS COMING UPON ME ONCE MORE /

THIS WORLD IS **CORRUPT**, AND THESE MIGHTY HIVES ARE BUT DUNGHILLS FILLED WITH **SIN** AND **EVIL**.
BUT THEY SHALL BE **CLEANSED**, BROTHER BELTANE. TRANSFORMED INTO BURNING BEACONS OF **PURITY** WHOSE LIGHT WILL SHINE OUT INTO THE STARS, SO THAT THE **EMPEROR HIMSELF** SHALL KNOW OF THE RIGHTEOUS DEEDS WE CARRY OUT IN HIS **GLORIOUS NAME**!

LET THE FAITHFUL REJOICE / LET THE FALLEN BEWARE / LET THE –
AH ?

OOOF!
ZIUD!
YOUR EMINENCE!
I WASN'T WORRIED, REALLY I WASN'T. I KNEW YOU'D COME AND GET ME
TOOK YOUR TIME, THOUGH, DIDN'T YOU?
URGENT BUSINESS UPHIVE YOU'RE LUCKY I EVEN GOT HERE AT ALL
RRRRRRRR
SLASH!
FZAPP!
BESIDES, WHAT GOOD'S A DARING RESCUE UNLESS IT'S OF THE LAST MINUTE VARIETY?
SMITE THE MENDICANTS! PURIFY THEM! LET THE WRATH OF REDEMPTION BE VISITED UPON THEM!
AND THIS 'DARING RESCUE' OF YOURS. ANY CHANCE YOU THOUGHT TO INCLUDE AN ESCAPE PLAN WITH IT?
JUST THE USUAL TRIED-AND-TESTED ONE, THAT'S SERVED US SO WELL IN THE PAST

MAKE A RUN FOR IT AND TRUST TO LUCK, A FULLY CHARGED LASPISTOL AND AN IMMACULATE SENSE OF STYLE TO SEE YOU THROUGH!
FZAPP!
FZAPP!
OH YES, AND ONE OTHER THING
VOB!
A SHORT FUSE PLASMA GRENADE, TO DEAL WITH UNWANTED PURSUERS AND ANY OTHER ASSORTED RIFFRAFF!
BA-DAMM!
KAL!
KRUMMBLE!
NORMALLY SCABBS, I'D FOREGO THE PLEASURE OF ACTUAL PHYSICAL CONTACT WITH YOU BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I'LL MAKE THIS AN EXCEPTION

EXCITABLE SORT, AREN'T THEY?
DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD BE GETTING OUT OF HERE?
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE WORRIED THEY MIGHT ACTUALLY HIT US?
I'VE TRAVELLED THIS HIVE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, AND THERE ARE ONLY TWO THINGS I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED--
THE FIRST IS AN HONEST GUILDER, AND THE OTHER IS A REDEMPTIONIST THAT COULD SHOOT STRAIGHT
"BESIDES, REDEMPTIONISTS ARE ONLY DANGEROUS WHEN THEY'VE GOT A LEADER, AND THIS PARTICULAR FLOCK SEEM TO HAVE LOST THEIR SHEPHERD
"NO, TRUST ME, SCABBS. THESE LUNATICS WON'T BE TROUBLING US AGAIN ANYTIME IN THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE."
A MIRACLE, YOUR EMINENCE! THE EMPEROR HIMSELF HAS SPARED YOU AND RETURNED YOU TO US!
NO, BROTHER BELIANE, I HAVE NOT RETURNED. I HAVE BEEN REBORN!
I HAVE BEEN BAPTISED IN THE LAKE OF FIRE AND MY BODY AND SPIRIT REFORGED IN BLOOD AND PAIN!
AS THE FLESH BURNED AWAY FROM MY BODY, SO DID THE EMPEROR REVEAL HIS DIVINE WILL TO ME--
DEATH TO THAT MOST MENDICANT OF ALL MALEFACTORS DEATH TO THE GREATEST ARCH HERETIC OF THEM ALL DEATH TO KAL JERICO
SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE • ART KARL KOPINSKI • LETTERS GORDON ROBSON
THE END.

GRAVIER ? HOW BADLY ARE YOU HURT ?
I-JUST DAZED, MASTER DEFAY. I...
WHAT HAPPENED ? IS IT OVER ?
GRAVIER ? PUPIL ..?
NO. IT IS BARELY BEGUN
CONCEAL YOURSELF IN SAFETY I WILL FINISH THIS BLOODY BUSINESS
INQUISITOR
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT ART SIMON COLEBY LETTERS KID ROBSON
BOOK ONE: THE TAINT OF NICODEMUS
CHAPTER FOUR
The place is cold and dark. I see the bodies of the honour guard that accompanied us here. I smell the blood
My Master is more troubled than I have ever seen him. I
I'm making no sense. My head is spinning. I must start from the beginning and record this properly

The arguments between my Master and Cardinal Sarthos were bitter.
I URGE YOU TO RECONSIDER YOUR APPROACH, INQUISITOR DEFAY! STROME IS A GOOD MAN AND DOES NOT DESERVE THIS TREATMENT!
THIS IS THE EMPEROR'S WORK, CARDINAL. WOULD YOU HINDER IT?
ESPECIALLY NOW WE'VE SEEN THE ABOMINATIONS HIDDEN IN THE DUCHY OF LORTH?
NO OF COURSE I WOULDN'T.
BUT THIS SEEMS ALMOST BARBARIC! WE ARE TEARING THIS PLACE APART!
IF NEEDS BE
GUARDSMAN! ANYTHING?
NOTHING, INQUISITOR
NOT A SHRED OF PROSCRIBED LITERATURE. NOT A SCRAP OF DAMNING EVIDENCE.
I felt sure my Master had made an error, that he had followed the wrong leads, but he seemed
No...
...that's not the start of it either. I wish I could clear my head.
Such a jumble of images, making no sense. Concentrate... I... I remember Strome himself...

he answered all the questions put to him, no matter how many times they were asked. He seemed an honest and honourable man
HAD YOU ANY DEALINGS WITH YOUR COUSINS IN THE DUCHY OF LORTH ?
AGAIN I TELL YOU, NO WE WERE ESTRANGED.
MY LORD INQUISITOR, I AM A DEVOTED SUBJECT OF THE EMPEROR I UNDERSTAND WHY YOUR APPROACH SHOULD BE SO THOROUGH
BUT I HAVE WELCOMED YOU TO MY HOUSE, AND WILLINGLY ANSWERED YOUR ENQUIRIES WHEN WILL YOU BE SATISFIED ?
WHEN I HAVE THE TRUTH
MY WORK HAS UNCOVERED A DEEP TAINT OF CHAOS IN THE NOBLE FAMILIES OF THIS WORLD TWO OUT-BREAKS HAVE OCCURRED SO FAR, BOTH INVOLVING YOUR BLOODLINE
I MUST EXAMINE EVERY LINK IN THIS FAMILIAL CHAIN AND TEST IT FOR THAT TAINT
NOW HAVE YOU EVER ENTERTAINED NOTIONS CONTRARY TO THE LAWS OF THE IMPERIUM ?
NO, I TELL YOU !
HOW MANY TIMES MUST I ANSWER ?
DO YOU OWN ANY TREATISES THAT REFER TO THE WAYS OF CHAOS ?
Strome's urgent denials ring in my ears, but still my confused mind tells this story awry
I am the Inquisitor's Archivist I must be precise

We arrived in the late morning at the manse of Gustav Stromé, a renowned wine maker of the northern province of Brayl.
Stromé was of the Mattheldas lineage and my Master suspected that he, too, carried the family curse
THIS IS A FOOL'S ERRAND, INQUISITOR STROME IS A DISTANT LINK IN THE FAMILY CHAIN
BUT THE PATERNAL DESCENT RUNS DIRECTLY TO HIM, AS IT DID WITH THAT HELL-SPAWN IN THE CITY OF NARTHAX
WE WILL SEE WHEN WE ARRIVE...
YOUR HONOURS! THIS IS A PRIVILEGE AND A SURPRISE!
HOW MAY I SERVE YOU?
BEGIN A ROOM-TO-ROOM SEARCH, ATTEND TO EVERY DETAIL.
I HAVE BRIEFED YOU ON WHAT TO LOOK FOR
AT ONCE, INQUISITOR
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! WHAT IS GOING ON?
THAT IS WHAT YOU WILL TELL ME
Yes. that was the start of it. My mind assembles the facts in more order now
We came to test Stromé, and found no trace of the evil that the Inquisitor suspected

Gunfire! Distant, echoing
Then the rest of it wasn't a dream!
My wounds, the dead around me it was no nightmare, no figment of my concussed brain
there was a dark truth here after all
After six hours of hard interrogation, I felt great pity for the man Strome
NO MORE. I BEG YOU! YOUR QUESTIONS REVOLVE IN MY HEAD LIKE MOTHS AROUND A LAMP!
I CANNOT BEAR ANY MORE
THEN LET THE TRUTH OUT, EVEN IF YOU DO NOT KNOW IT TO BE THE TRUTH!
IS THERE A DARK SEGMENT TO YOUR SOUL GUSTAV STROME?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?
WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND IN ME?

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME ?
GET BACK, GRAVIER !
GUARDS ! IN HERE !
RAAGH!
GNNF !
LORD DEFAY !
KR UNCH!
UGH !
BY THE EMPEROR !
STAY WHERE YOU ARE ! STAY WHERE YOU ARE !
HOLY THRONE OF EARTH HE'S COMING FOR US
Unerringly, my Master had cut his way to the truth It seems to me that Strome did not even realise he carried the Chaos taint in his heart
Did it only awaken because of my Master's questions ? Have we destroyed a man who otherwise would have led an incorrupt life, denying the darkness that lurked deep inside him ?

LORD DEFAY ?
I HAVE FINISHED MY WORK
HOLY BLOOD !
THEN IT WAS TRUE !
WHAT HAVE YOU WROUGHT HERE, INQUISITOR ? IN MY MIND, YOU HAVE DRIVEN STROME TO THIS END !
IT WAS YOU THAT WOKE THE EVIL IN HIM, AN EVIL THAT WOULD HAVE SLEPT SOUNDLY IN HIS HONOURABLE SOUL AND NEVER OTHERWISE TROUBLED THE WORLD
CAN YOU BE SURE OF THAT, CARDINAL ? THAT WHICH SLEEPS CAN ALWAYS BE WOKEN, NO MATTER HOW SOUNDLY IT SLUMBERS
BETTER I WOKE IT NOW THAN LEFT IT TO WAKE IN YEARS TO COME WHEN THERE WAS NO ONE HERE TO STAND AGAINST IT
That was how it happened In the second month of my service to the Inquisitor, on the ancient world of Nicodemus
BURN THIS PLACE
That was how I found that the truth was often a painful thing to reveal
From "The Life of Defay" by his pupil Gravier
TO BE CONTINUED